

## Mr. Sandman by floatingdreams

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**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Mike has a horrific nightmare that deeply upsets him. When he is left feeling broken from the alternate reality this dream has painted, the only solution needed is love and comfort from his wife.

## **Mr. Sandman**

Mike had awoken late that day. From what he assumed, it was probably already noon. When he flipped over to see the other side of the bed, he found that his wife's presence was missing.

Mike knew that whenever she was awake before him that he had two options as to where he could find her.

Option one, his wife would be sitting beside their kitchen island. She would likely already be on Eggo waffle number six and would be approximately thirty pages into whatever new book she had begun reading that morning.

Option two, he would find a note that was hastily written on her yellow stationary explaining that she had gotten antsy and went for a walk to pass time.

He quickly shuffled into the kitchen area and quickly took note of his wife's absence. Immediately after not seeing her there, he went onward to search for a note she had left.

However, his search was cut short when he felt like he was being watched.

He looked back at the entry way of the kitchen and was surprised to see his four other party members.

Not that he wasn't excited to see them, he was just really confused. How did they even get in here?

"Hey, what are you guys doing here?"

The party members all shared a look that left him feeling unsettled. Alls he could think of in that moment was that Eleven wasn't there and they all were. His senses were beginning to heighten as his body internally set off its alarm system.

Before Mike even allowed them to answer his first question, his suspicions led him elsewhere.

"Did you guys see my lovely wife when you came in? Or do you happen to know where she is? She usually leaves notes if she goes somewhere before I wake up to make sure I don't worry."

He watched as the party shared the same look as before, except this time much more concerned.

Will was the first one to slowly approach closer to Mike. He gave his friend a once over before gently questioning him.

"Mike, who are you talking about? Did you meet someone? We're just here for our usual Saturday lunches. It's the five of us, like always."

This confused Mike even more. He didn't often get annoyed with Will, but right now he was driving him towards insanity.

Choosing to ignore the second half of Will's response, Mike went straight to questioning why all of them were pretending as if Eleven didn't exist. As if she wasn't a valuable member of their party.

"What? I'm talking about El. She wasn't here when I woke up. What's going on?"

He watched as Will's eyes turned to glass and he looked down.

The rest of the party members stepped closer to Mike and they now formed a circle around him.

They all shared that same look that was beginning to truly spark Mike's temper before Lucas broke the silence.

"Eleven is gone."

This statement snapped Mike's last strand of sanity and set him loose onto his friends.

"What the hell do you mean? This doesn't make any sense! Where's my wife?", Mike exclaimed.

Dustin laid a hand on his shoulder before saying, "buddy, I know it's hard... but it's been ten years since the night the gate was closed. Remember? She did it. She demolished the gate's existence and all

has been well since then!"

Lucas gave Dustin a shot of disapproving side eye before clearly stating what his curly haired companion had really meant to say.

"El sacrificed herself that night. To save us. Well, to save the world really. She died over ten years ago, Mike. You live here alone, but the five of us still get together every Saturday."

After Lucas finished his statement Mike quickly fell to the floor and curled inward on himself. Nothing they said could be correct.

She came back to him all those years ago.. didn't she?

He was no longer sure what was real and his body began to shake before he sputtered out his disbelief in their claims.

"No, no, you're all wrong. She's my wife. We're married. We're going to start having kids soon. Everything is okay. She's been in my life everyday since that night."

Just as Mike finished talking, he took a moment to look around his apartment. It was in that moment that he realized other missing values.

Gone were all of the photos of him and El. There was not anything even remotely related to her daily existence there. The hair tie that she left on the kitchen counter incase she wanted to tie her hair up while she cooked was gone. Her signature coffee mug that had three cats on it was no longer in its reserved spot.

Just as he was about to close his eyes to find some relief, his eyes settled on the various paintings that were scattered on each wall.

A blonde girl in a pink dress and tube socks.

A girl with hair buzzed down to the scalp shyly smiling at a boy, seeming to mouth the words, 'I understand'.

Will saw what he was looking at and said, "see Mike, this is everything I made for you to remember her. We didn't have pictures, so I drew her as best as I could from your memories."

Max realized this still wasn't sinking in for him and assertively stated, "Eleven is dead, Mike. She's dead. She's been gone for years."

He couldn't take it anymore and started to shout, "You're not real. None of this is real. Get out of my head. Eleven! El, please! El!"

He shut his eyes tightly and towards the back of his mind he could have sworn he was hearing her voice.

"Mike! I'm here, Mike! Wake up! Baby, please wake up!"

It was then that Mike opened his eyes and faced reality.

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Eleven had woken up early that morning and was sat at her and Mike's kitchen table. It was nearing November, so it was too cold for her to go on a walk. So instead, she had already had a nice stack of Eggos and was nursing her second cup of tea.

She was just about to start reading a new book when she heard her husband's cries.

"You're not real. None of this is real. Get out of my head. Eleven!"

As soon as she heard her name leave his mouth she was up and at the foot of their bed within record time.

She saw Mike's normally tall body narrowed down into a tight ball. His eyes were leaking a flood of tears even as they remained closed in his sleep.

She had only seen him like this a few times before, typically when the anniversary of the gate's closure was near.

Although he was still unconscious, he continued pleading for his wife, "El, please! El!"

Seeing him so distressed made her heart ache. She began to cry and laid herself down next to him.

Placing her hands on his face, she began speaking as clearly as she could through her sobs that were beginning to choke her.

"Mike! I'm here, Mike! Wake up! Baby, please wake up!"

Just as another round of sobs hit her chest, she saw Mike's eyes shoot open.

He was breathing so heavily that she feared for his safety.

"Mike, it's me. You were having a nightmare. I'm so sorry I wasn't here sooner. But this is what's real. You're here. I'm here. We're okay."

Mike didn't immediately respond because he was too busy taking in her appearance. Her brown locks of curly hair were up in a bun, which allowed him to perfectly see her angelic face.

Another thing that distracted him was the cool touch of her wedding ring that was attached to the hand that was resting on his cheek. This discovery made his eyes wander down to his hands that were currently clenched into tight fists. After relaxing them, he took note of the wedding band that rested on his left ring finger.

However, once the dream came back to the forefront of his mind, his calmness broke.

He shoved his head into the crook of his wife's neck and released his emotions.

"You were gone. You didn't come back from the gate. I was here all these years later and they were trying to tell me you were gone. Please don't leave me, El. I can't lose you again."

El allowed him to continue crying as she played with his hair. Each time she had to hear him utter out the words, 'I can't lose you', she swore she could actually feel a piece of her heart chip away.

She took a chance at reassuring him once his cries began to settle.

"Mike, I'm not going anywhere. It was just a dream. All of that is over. We are here and we have a long future ahead of us. I promise."

She had hoped that her words would diminish his cries all together, but they only made him get more upset.

She had felt him remove his head from her neck and she was about to begin apologizing. But, she stopped herself short when she felt his sweaty forehead placed against her own.

"I can't lose you. I couldn't lose you then, I definitely can't lose you now. It felt too real and I never could live with that reality. I wouldn't survive."

She placed her hand against his cheek again to make sure his eyes were meeting her own. Dark brown began burning into her golden eyes that reminded him of the spring.

"Look at me, Mike. I promise you won't lose me anytime soon. We still have so much life ahead of us. I'll be right here. Just like I vowed. Always and forever."

Mike smiled at her statement and immediately pulled her in for a kiss. Tears were mixed into their passionate exchange, but that didn't make it any less romantic.

Before they broke apart, Mike began to laugh against her lips.

Eleven was so confused by his sudden laughter, but couldn't help herself and began giggling too.

"What's so funny, Mr. Wheeler?"

Mike continued to laugh in hysteria until he could successfully answer her.

"I just realized you're here. That you're my wife. I'm so elated right now. I feel like I'm thirteen all over again because this is exactly how I felt when you came back that night after the gate. And how I felt two hours after that when I realized I could spend each day with you."

Eleven's eyes were filling with more tears of her own and she was just about to reciprocate to him how much she loved him until he started talking again.

"And that all made me immediately think that we should just start having babies. God, I love you. I know we have a lot of time left, but

I want to start our family as soon as possible. Let's have a kid."

Mike ended his grand statement with another round of his cackling giggle.

El responded to this with a high pitched laugh that only simmered when she saw that he was no longer laughing. The glimmer of tears and laughter that were once evident in his eyes was now replaced by a more serious and loving expression. It was a look that was reserved for private and meaningful moments that they shared in solidarity.

Eleven still couldn't tell if he truly meant this or if he was just running off of some euphoric high.

"Mike, is right now really an appropriate time to work on having a kid? I mean, you literally just had a nightmare and had to convince yourself that I was even alive!"

Mike's response was to drag Eleven on top of him before proposing his next claim.

"You're here. I'm here. And we love each other more than anything. I can't wait to be able to share our love with the family we create. A little girl with your beautiful eyes and my interest in science.. or a little boy with my messy black hair and your stubbornness. I could wait as long as you wanted to for that next chapter, but I'm ready whenever you are."

El's eyes began tearing up again as she pecked his cheek before kissing everywhere she could on his face.

Mike raised an eyebrow and goofily questioned, "so.. is that a yes?"

The seriousness of the situation was broken and she quietly responded.

"It's always been a yes. I've dreamed about starting a family with you ever since we were young. I know you would help me raise a child to the best of our abilities, so I know we couldn't fail. Let's do the damn thing."

Mike laughed and said, "let's do the damn thing. I'm so happy you're



here. I love you."

Their eyes met and the mood shifted.

"I love you too Mike."

As both of his hands clasped with her's and they felt their wedding bands clink together, he whispered three words she had said to him just a few moments before. A phrase that accurately depicted just how long the married couple's love would last even as their family grew and faced new challenges.

"Always and forever."

### **Author's Note:**

I hope this turned out okay for readers!

I am still working on how to write angst in a meaningful way, but it's something that's been difficult for me to do. Mainly because I just love reading fluff and love. I am a softie.

Anyways, please let me know if there are any requests or critiques!

Also, I'm unsure if I should continue posting separate oneshots or if people would prefer that I begin posting oneshots into a multi-chapter piece.

Hope all is well, sending my best wishes to all that continue reading!

— Mel xx